

Leonard's Column

Leonard and Gibson Criticized for Not Giving Tender Chance at the Lightweight Title.

BENNY LEONARD, the lightweight champion, and his manager, Billy Gibson, are the subjects of much criticism and general "roasting" over in Philadelphia these days and all because Gibson, for some reason or other, doesn't see his way clear to consent to a match between Benny and Lou Tandler, the Quakertown sensation, who quit selling newspapers a couple of years ago and jumped into state prominence almost overnight.

Phil's sporting scribbles would have the world, or that part of it reached by their writings, believe that Gibson is sidestepping Tandler because he fears the outcome of such a match. They are goading William so relentlessly that it is a good thing for the Bronx sportsman he doesn't get the papers in his morning mail.

Having seen Tandler in action more than once and proclaimed him a fair mid of his weight and inches, we can't believe that Gibson would have any fear that he would separate Leonard from his championship crown. On the contrary, we believe it would be a good thing for Tandler to clear clear of Benny for a while, anyhow. However, everybody has an opinion and is entitled to it. For instance, here is what Billy Roop, recently mentioned as probable referee for the Willard-Dempsey go, has to say on the subject:

"It was extensively advertised by the 'press agent' of the Philadelphians that show a week ago Monday night that as a side feature Lou Tandler, the former Philadelphia newspaper, would be there and would publicly challenge Leonard for the lightweight title. Tandler was there, but there was no challenge. Leonard and his manager, Billy Gibson, acted like a pair of schoolboys. They began to post as soon as Tandler appeared, and notified one of the three promoters of the show that Leonard would not box if Tandler was allowed to challenge."

"MORE than 15,000 fans had paid from \$1 to \$3 to see Leonard box Dundee. The champion's share of the gate was more than \$7,000. Do you suppose Leonard would have climbed out of the ring and left that \$7,000 behind had the promoters exhibited any backbone? Decidedly not. Billy Gibson would have attended to that end of the show. It was a bluff and the promoter fell for it. Later, it is claimed, Manager Gibson served notice on Irish Pat Cline and Johnny Dundee if either of them boxed Tandler he would not get a match with Leonard."

"That was killing two birds with one stone. It virtually announced that Leonard's next opponents would be Dundee and Cline. The same crowd that is trying to get its fangs on Philadelphia. Are the sportsmen going to stand for it? Are they going to let sport be subservient to commercialism?"

"It matters not whether Leonard can beat Tandler or not. That is a question which will be decided when they meet in the ring. The Philadelphia lightweight has beaten every man he has been asked to meet, frequently going out of his class. Leonard or Gibson cannot ignore him. The latter, thinking he could quickly send Tandler to the discard, demanded a \$10,000 side wager. Three people, including the newspaper himself, quickly offered to cover Gibson's demand. The flood of money evidently stilled the astute manager. It has stilled his tongue. Tandler now has the show."

"Who's financing the Willard-Dempsey fight?" asked Johnny White, referee of Horton Law days and still a close student of pugilistic happenings.

"Tex Rickard and his partner, Frank Koury of Memphis," we answered.

"I had an idea it was Willard himself and that he was just paying Dempsey \$17,500 to stand up and get licked," said White. Then continuing, "If I was sure Willard had nothing whatever to do with the promotion of the battle, I'd like to have a bet on Dempsey to win."

"This talk of Willard being too big for him is all bunk. Why, do you know that little Joe Walcott, only a plucky, could beat all the heavyweights of his time? Now if he could do it, why can't Dempsey, particularly if he is as speedy and hits as hard as all reports say?"

"They were all afraid of Walcott. I remember when we were trying to lid Tom Sharkey into a match with him. Sharkey wouldn't think of fighting him. Then somebody told Tom if he didn't sign for the match, Walcott was going to hunt him up and lick him on sight no matter where he was."

"He better not bother me," Sharkey's answer to this was, according to White.

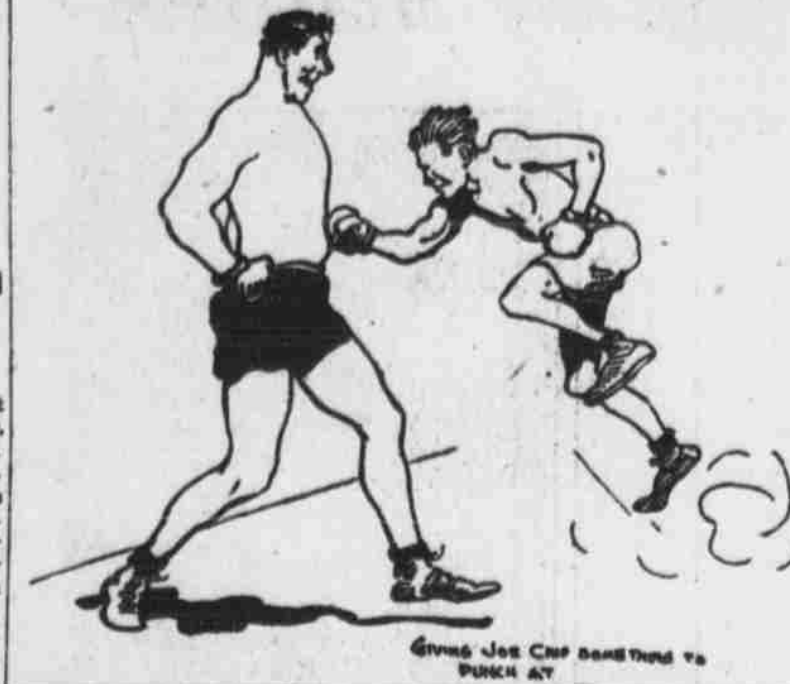
White added that even John L. Sullivan was afraid of Walcott and had to use a lot of influence to keep the little negro from challenging him.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

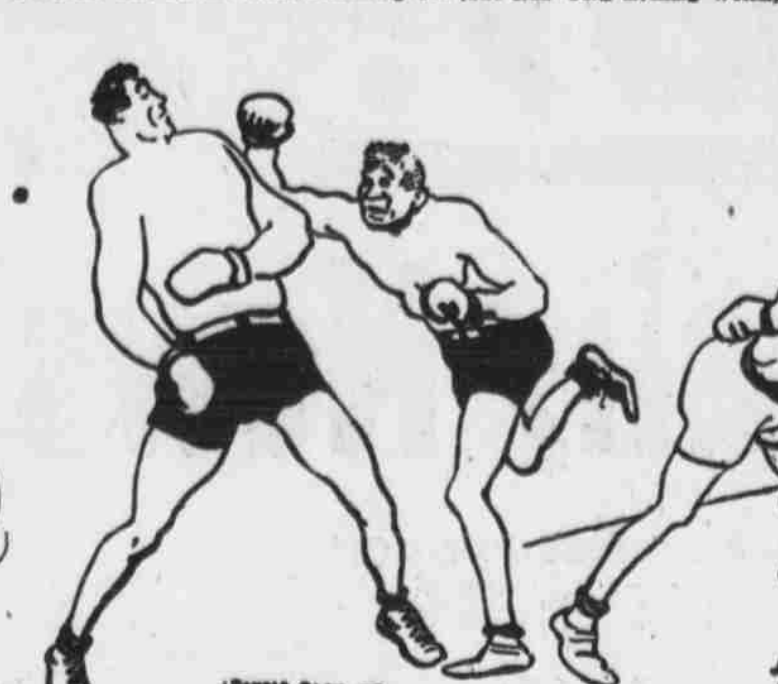
WILLARD IN TRAINING BOUTS

By Edgren

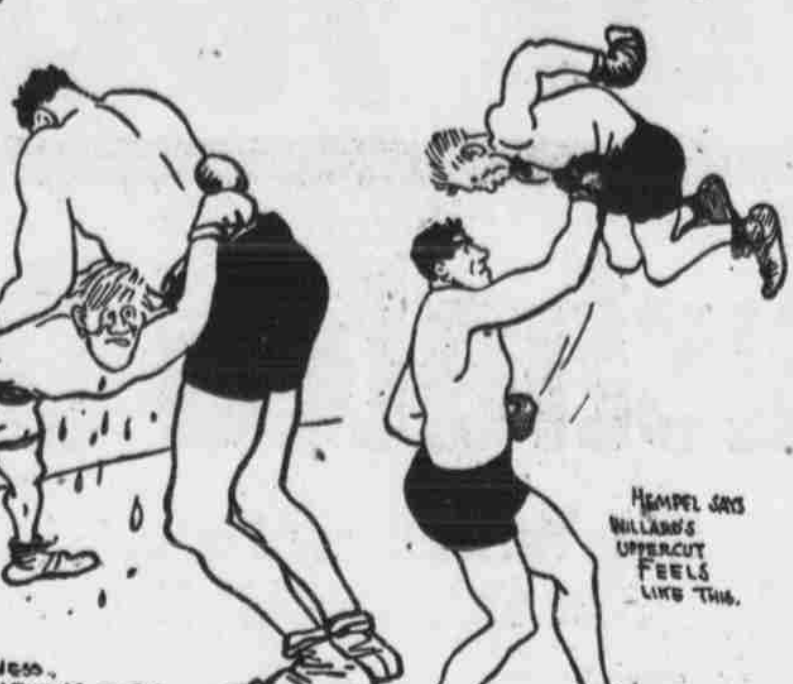
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GIVEN JOE CUP SENT TO PUNCH AT



WILLARD BACK ON RINGSIDE AFTER HIS



HENSEL JOES WILLARD'S UPPERCUT FEELS LIKE THIS

FIGHT REFEREE QUESTION IS VEILED IN MYSTERY

Although It Is Said Officials Have Been Chosen Already for Willard-Dempsey Battle, No News on Subject Is Forthcoming—Jack First Challenger That Has Ever Ruled Favorite Over the Champion.

By Robert Edgren.

TOLEDO, June 24. THERE has been an air of mystery about the camps of the boxers and Tex Rickard's headquarters at the Secor for two or three days. With representative of the Board of Boxing Control in Toledo, Major Biddle, still absent, and all sorts of rumors on every street corner, this has been a lively burg. The referee question has had every one guessing. Local sportsman said Ollie Peckard was a cinch, and the managers of the boxers looked wise and denied it. Tuesday afternoon there was a secret meeting of managers with the board representatives, and it was announced that the referee and other officials had been selected, but the news will not be given out until Major Biddle slips it to the palpitating public from the Board of Boxing Control offices in New York.

Just why there has been so much mystery about it nobody seems to know. Rumors have had Willard packing his trunk and ready to skip town if he wasn't suited. When Jess took a day of rest early in the week it was said this was his way of showing that he wouldn't work any more unless the referee matter was settled to suit him. As champion, Jess was supposed to be riding the high horse and dictating to everybody in general. But if Jess was worrying over the referee question he didn't show it. He went back to work and Tuesday afternoon put as much life into his boxing as he could with a half played out staff of trainers. Jess is said to have insisted that no one but Tex Rickard himself could referee for him, and Tex, according to the story told around the Secor lobby, flatly told Jess he wouldn't referee as much as a preliminary on that day. With about a million dollars to take care of, gates and fences to keep guarded, sixty or eighty thousand spectators to be taken care of, ticket booths and a score of other things to look after, Tex won't have much leisure time to spend lightly capering around a ring while Jack and Jess paste each other.

Dempsey First Challenger to Be Made Favorite. This big bout is growing every day. A funny thing about it is that in spite of the huge proportion of the champion and his apparently very fair condition, all the money in sight is being offered on Dempsey and no odds asked. It is the first time in the history of ring affairs that a world's champion has not been made favorite, popular or unpopular, from the day the match was signed up. One of the Dempsey fans is John Ryan, once famous as "Get Rich Quick" Ryan. Somewhere John has accumulated a bank roll a kangaroo couldn't leap over, and he has it in cash in safe deposit vault. He is offering any amount on Dempsey to win, even money, and says the odds will go to at least 10 to 1 by July 4, Dempsey's favorite. Whether he is right or not only time can tell. As a matter of fact, there is little betting of any sort yet, for fight followers are on the fence and unable to decide whether Jack's magnificent condition and known fighting ability or the champion's skill and weight and punch will be the feature of the bout.

Jack Dempsey boxed in a wet ring yesterday afternoon. There was a heavy rainstorm a little before he came out. But he slammed through his usual day's training, while Jimmy De Forest watched him anxiously and edged in close to stop him if Jack took a dangerous slip. Jack did not present any one with a ten-second count during the afternoon's entertainment, but he did drop Bill Tate again, this time with a left hook on the chin. The other day Jack tried out his right. Now that he is sure his left is also working he will be ready for anything that comes. Dempsey pressed Tate hard and several times landed blows that made the big fellow shake his head as if bees were buzzing in his ears. Twice Tate was a little groggy. Dempsey, who is fighting every day now, kept after him and put him down with a hard left hook on the chin. If there had been any counting Tate might have been officially out, but Dempsey and De Forest lifted him from the floor, and Jack walked him around without hitting until he had recovered his senses. After the round Tate sat down on the ground close beside the ring and entertained the crowd with remarks about how hard Jack is hitting.

"I thought I heard them big Bertha's busting again," said Tate, who is a veteran and crossed the seas and came back a sergeant.

Impossible to Get Line on Jess's Real Condition.

Jess Willard worked about as usual, but put a little more pep into the going. If Jess had a staff of sparring partners who could extend him a little well have a line on his condition. As it is, he cannot punch, now that any extra exertion is likely to deprive him of the services of one of his little old pals. If Jess only had some one around that he didn't like it might be different. But how can he sweat one of the boys who were with him during his climb to the championship and a fortune? As for Chip, he's too small, and Jess is ashamed to hit him at all. And Steamboat Bill is a war hero, and Jess can't bear the thought of smearing him inelegantly over the landscape. What Jess needs is some fellow about six and a half feet tall, four feet broad, with an eighteen-inch neck and a mean disposition. Then he could work.

I happened to meet Jack Hensel, Jack looks thin and weary. I rather thought Jack would resent my saying that he is worn to a frazzle and unable to give Willard a hard workout. But he entirely agreed with me. "I'm about played out," said Jack. "That's true. I have been boxing with Jess daily for three months, and I'll be mighty glad when it's over. It's no joke to stand up to the big fellow. He's wonderful. I know what he can do. He's better than he was in Havana, and he'll be at his best July 4. Don't forget it. He can tire out any man living. Nothing can hurt him, and he hits harder than any other heavyweight that ever lived. He knows ten times as much about boxing as he did in Havana and it's impossible to hit him when he doesn't want to be hit. I worked with him two weeks in Chicago, four weeks at Lawrence and a month in Los Angeles before coming here. From the start he has been dieting and taking great care of himself. There aren't many people who know what he has done to get right for this fight, and he doesn't get credit for it, but we know in the camp, and for my part I don't think Dempsey or any one else has a chance in the world to beat him."

Archer Sure That Willard Will Win.

Ray Archer, Willard's manager, is a quiet fellow, and not at all given to talking about the contest. I asked Archer a few questions and he was just as positive as Hensel. "I saw Willard train for nearly all of his best fights," he said, "and he never was as good as he is now. I don't think



TACKLING HENSEL "KICKING" WITH A SNEAKY KICK

EVENING WORLD'S OWN SPORT HISTORY What Happens Every Day

BASEBALL. Chicago bunched hits and defeated Cleveland by a score of 7 to 1 in the final game of the series. Thomas caught his first game of the season for Cleveland.

After Washington had defeated Boston by a score of 3 to 1 in a free-hitting, loosely batted first game today, Boston won the second by a score of 1 to 0, Sam Jones having the better of Walter Johnson.

Vaughn was at his best with men on bases and Chicago won the last game of the series from the Reds by a score of 2 to 1. Ring was hit hard in the seventh when four hits and a base on balls gave the Cubs two runs. Bressler then went into the box and stepped the score.

St. Louis evened up the series with Pittsburgh, winning by a score of 3 to 1.

Philadelphia and Boston again divided a double header, the visitors winning the first game, 5 to 4, and Philadelphia the second, 5 to 3. Luden's home run in deep center field in the eighth inning with two runners on the bases won the second game. Binghamton was outbatted, but defeated Jersey City by bunting five hits for four runs in the sixth inning. Schacht was effective in all except that frame. A Jersey City rally was spiked in the ninth after one run had been scored.

A triple by Letter and Cather's single netted a 3 to 2 victory for Newark over Toronto in the first game. In the second contest Newark handed the Leafs an 8 to 2 defeat.

TENNIS. S. Howard Vothell was not called upon to undergo his second day of grueling on the courts in order to finish out as victor against Alexander.

Golf News From Out of Town

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 25.—The Princeton University team won the team golf championship of the Intercollegiate Golf Association over the championship East course of the Merion Cricket Club with a score of 1,154 for the 72 holes of medal play. Harvard and Yale ran a close second and the crimson outplayed the Blues by a single stroke with a total of 1,155 to 1,157 for Yale. Pennsylvania was fourth; Columbia fifth, while Williams was outdistanced. A. L. Walker Jr. of Columbia had the low score for the 72 holes—139, and T. R. Travis of Yale second, with 141.

NEW ORLEANS, June 25.—Among the favorites who qualified for the championship fight in the Southern Golf Association tournament were: Bobby Jones Jr. and Perry Adair of Atlanta; Nelson Whitney and Reuben Bush of New Orleans; C. L. Dexter of Dallas; O. S. Carlton of Houston and Ellis Knowles of Pensacola. Bryan Beard of Dallas, another favorite, fell before Whitney. Scores of New Orleans, 3 to 2.

At the annual business meeting of the Southern Golf Association, last night, used the programme for the twelfth annual championship tournament to be held at the North Shore Country Club, July 19 and 21. The competition is open to all amateurs and professionals and is not limited to players in the district. Entries must be made direct to the secretary, at No. 45 Nassau Street, New York, and the list will close on Wednesday, July 2.

A. H. Pogson, Secretary of the Metropolitan Golf Association, last night issued the programme for the twelfth annual championship tournament to be held at the North Shore Country Club, July 19 and 21. The competition is open to all amateurs and professionals and is not limited to players in the district. Entries must be made direct to the secretary, at No. 45 Nassau Street, New York, and the list will close on Wednesday, July 2.

There's a possibility that he can lose this fight. If Dempsey can beat him it will be because Dempsey is the greatest heavyweight the world ever saw, and Jess and I will be the first to congratulate him. Jess is a good sportsman. He doesn't think there's a man living he can't beat in the ring, but if any man ever does beat him Jess will be the first to give him the credit he'll deserve.

After that I met Jack Kennis, Dempsey's manager is fairly bubbling over with confidence. "Jack will beat Willard as surely as he beat Morris and Fulton and the other big fellows," he said. "Why, when Willard was to have met Dempsey for the Red Cross in a six-round bout Willard was to have been paid \$30,000, and Jack and I decided we didn't want a nickel, and told the people so. Jack was ready to meet him for nothing, and Jess wouldn't go on with Jack for \$30,000. That's what Jack and Jess think of each other. I know how Willard has lived in the past four years and how Dempsey has lived, and I don't concede Willard a chance."

Pitcher Scott Perry Of Athletics Deserves A Hard Luck Medal

Crack Boxman for Fifth Time Loses a Game, This Time to Yankees, Which He Should Have Won.

By Roseman Bulger.

IT is not of record just what Scott Perry, he of legal fame, said to Shortstop Dugan as the Athletics limped home last night, but there was a glare across the breakfast table this A. M.

"Do you, you are a pretty infielder," we hear Mr. Perry remarked, "with all them one-handed scoops 'n' everything, ain't you?"

"Well, I reckon I'm gettin' by," is the modest reply. "They ain't canned me yet."

"But, say, Doogie, old boy, I'll tell you I do make one of them errors you certainly do make it, count, don't you?"

"Well, a timely error is just as good as a timely hit—for the other club."

And so it was. After playing a most marvellous fielding game for two days, Dugan finally made a bad throw of Russell's boulder, there was a flurry of tumbling at first base and Truck Hannah—yes, indeed, the same big catcher—scored all the way from second. That being the way the Yankees won the ball game.

But as Truck Hannah observes, they count just as much as those that are copped with home runs—count just as much for everybody but S. Perry.

Scott Perry's bad luck is now becoming a matter of current history, according to those whose memory runs back into the days of that old yesterday in which this big fellow would certainly be awarded the brown derby without a dissenting vote. After pitching nine innings of jump-up baseball, he saw himself shifted into the loss column by two scratches unlucky enough to turn his hair gray overnight. The Philadelphiaans tell me that this is the first time that it has happened to Perry and as the days go by it gets worse.

As we turned into the eighth inning the Athletics had a lead of two runs. Among the Yankees hitting was getting to be a lost art. As a last resort Al Wickland was sent in to bat for Schneider, but his best was a puny fly to the centre fielder. Vick then got a hit. Peckinpaugh, our champion, bunched a difficult grounder that Shannon captured between first and second, it was a great stop, but his throw evidently pulled Burns off the bag, as the umpire called Peck safe. That was the first tough break for Perry. Baker was an easy out. Then Duffy Lewis swinging hard on the first ball pitched, lined a clean two-bagger into left centre, scoring both runners and tying the score. You have already heard what happened in the ninth.

Scott Perry is the athlete the possession of whom caused the big row between the American and National Leagues and finally resulted, directly or indirectly, in Governor Finner withdrawing from the Presidency of the old league. Perry was with the Boston Braves, but couldn't get a chance at regular work and walked out, returning to Atlanta. He was forgotten entirely and would have remained so, perhaps, but for the fact that

Connie Mack brought him up from Atlanta. Even then the Boston Braves did not claim a right to his services. But when Perry began to show something they did. The National Commission ruled in favor of Boston and Connie Mack went to the regular courts. As a result he acquired title to S. Perry and to the everlasting enmity of the National League. In the mean time Scott Perry is pitching crack baseball and having hard luck.

A peculiar situation arose in the eighth inning yesterday when Baker was at bat and the job fell to little Trippe. Baker hit a hard grounder over second, but was ordered to return to the plate and hit the ball again. The answer was that Umpire Bill Dineen had turned to say something to the players on the Athletics bench and did not see the play. This was very much like the time when Harry McCormick hit a single in the ninth inning and won a game for the Giants, only to be called back and forced to bat over because Umpire Bill Dineen was not looking. Luckily, in the case of Baker, it made no difference.

Pete Schneider had his first chance of the season against the Athletics and despite the three runs made against him early in the game pitched good baseball. The Athletics didn't get a hit off him after the fourth inning. He was taken out to let Wickland bat for him and Russell, consequently gets credit for the game. Schneider's only fault was a tendency toward unsteadiness. He got in several holes by giving free walks, but always managed to extricate himself. Schneider pitched his last game against Brooklyn in the spring practice series. He got cold in his arm and had not been able to appear until yesterday.

With Schneider and Shore both in shape again, the Yankees have a rather formidable attack of batsmen for their coming campaign in the West.

CARRIED FOR PROS, NOW IS CHAMPION OF KID GOLFERS

Junior Metropolitan Winner Harmon Will Try for National Title Next.

By William Abbott.

THE Junior Metropolitan title at Swinney went to Pete Harmon, a tall, wiry, nineteen-year-old youth. Winning the "kid" championship is merely a start for this lad who saddled several star professionals entering the national championship at Pittsburgh in August and match his strokes with the greatest club swingers in the land. That's the spirit of Pete Harmon, who promises soon to make things very uncomfortable for Evans, Quinnet and other big leaguers in golf.

The new junior champion was a mere shaver took to golf like ducks to water. He lived near the Hudson River club and became very much attached to Willie MacFarland, the club's professional. The lad, eager to master the inside tricks of the game, frequently called for MacFarland in his important matches. Both Pete and a brother several years older began to make MacFarland their tutor, go some to pull ahead.

Pete preferred to take things easy, and the Junior Metropolitan title at Swinney was his first tournament. Then he captured the whole works. His lanky youth who spent much of his time on the public links at Van Cortlandt Park. He started strong by winning the qualifying medal with 78. His successful match rounds were all decided by wide margins, so marked was his superiority over the other young stars.

Harmon met George Bohann in the final round yesterday and came through with a 4 and 2 victory. Young Pete went so fast that he came to the turn in thirty-eight strokes and a host of five holes. There were few misses on this trip. A sliced drive to a road on the fourth being the worst. Harmon made this good on the 133-yard sixth, where he put his tee shot nicely on and ran down a 25-foot putt for a fine 2, which was some golf. Bohann, trying desperately, picked up two holes coming in, but the smooth playing victor was never in serious danger.

Harmon, asked what was his average driving, calmly answered "About 250 yards."

Zowie! That's an average Harry Vardon and other noted champions would like to possess, but this young Harmon clouts the ball with a powerful kick. And Pete's other clubs are about on a par with his driving.

They're getting younger all the time. Sharing individual honors with Pete Harmon was Charlie Summers, a stocky little chap of thirteen years. This midget, not much taller than the driver, he swung, actually got the first match play round, only to lose on the next round to J. J. Trippie of Apawamis, the largest boy in the party.

Summers, despite his extreme youth, knew what his clubs were for and how to play them. He dodged troublesome bunkers in a way that many Swinney clubbers hold in esteem. Trippie's greater distance, however, was too much for the "baby" of the tournament, though Summers stuck to the job like a little Trojan.

After losing 4 and 3 Summers got a beauty second shot on the sixteenth and the youngster couldn't refrain from exclaiming:

"Geel! I get the shots when I don't need them."

The Junior Championship, open to boys nineteen and under, was a timely reminder how golf is developing the youth of the country into the "knock-kneed" clubbers of the old days of lads who played at Swinney and the coming champions. Their start is just as promising as that made by the present top notchers.

Members of the Koolwood Country Club celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the club with a golf medal play handicapped for women. The festivities will continue for the rest of the week, winding up Sunday, when there will be more golf. Mrs. W. H. White, Vice President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, who is the president of the club, said that the club has been a great help to the community. She had a handicap of 20, which gave her a net 95.

There are about 100 couples entered in the father and son tournament which takes place at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club on Monday. A large number of well known men, with their sons, are expected to take part in the event. The United States Supreme Court; Darwin P. Kingsley and others.

DARTMOUTH NINE ELECTS MERRITT 1920 CAPTAIN.

HANOVER, N. H., June 25.—Melville P. Merritt, twenty, of Middleton, Mass., was chosen captain of Dartmouth's baseball team at a meeting of the letter men. Merritt played left field during the greater part of the Great and is sideswiping in several contests. He is looked upon as one of the best utility men who ever played at the Great and is expected to fill in one of the vacancies in the infield, left through graduation, next fall. Merritt is also a strong contender for centre on the varsity eleven next fall.

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